THE TWO FIRST
ODES
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

With an INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

Serene and clear harmonious Horace *flows,*
With Sweetneſs not to be expreſs'd in Proſe.
My Lord ROSCOMMON.

LONDON,
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AN

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

To T. W. *Esq*;

MY good old Friend, whom I salute
With due Regard, and Love to boot,
Who art, as all conceive, in pass
By dint of Wealth, or Worth, or Place,
To claim Admittance to the Great,
While others in their Lobbies wait:
Forbear to wonder if to Thee
Some Application comes from me,
Whose Purport is to make Request,
If fit for granting you know best,
That you'll present the Lines inclos'd,
Which One you'll guess at has compos'd,
To HIM, *who under* GEORGE *the* Just
Is First in Merit as in Trust.

Yet still take notice, my Commission
Is urg'd alone on this Condition,
That you perform it when you find
The Man of State to read inclin'd,
Well-faring, and return'd from Court
To breathe, where none but Friends resort,
At Richmond-*Lodge*, *or* Chelsey-*Grot*,
Or Houghton-Hall's *delightful Spot*;
Or when in Downing-Street, *where Few*
Have Entrance free but such as You,

Of Zeal and Worth approv'd, who more
Affect his Perſon, than his Pow'r;
In ſhort, when He has Time to ſpare,
And ſhews his wonted chearful Air.

Be ſtrictly careful not to ſtrain
His Complaiſance againſt the Grain;
And further, You have leave to ſay
The Ode, that for his Natal Day
Was meant, ſhould then have ſeen the Light,
For 'tis the View of all who write,
Had ſudden Fate not interpos'd,
And ſuch a mournful Scene diſclos'd,
As plunges ſtill your Friend in doubt
If Time or Zeal will bear him out.
Farewel, and now You have Your Cue.
Be ſilent, and your Task purſue.

AN ODE

In Imitation of the First of HORACE.

Inſcrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE.*

WALPOLE, who com'ſt of ancient Race,
And O my Safeguard, Joy, and Grace.
Some love amidſt *Olympian* Duſt
In whirling Cars to fix their Truſt,
On rapid burning Wheels to roll
Intrepid round the *Conick* Goal;
Or train betimes the mettled Steed,
Of high Deſcent, and thorough bred,
To ſtretch along *Newmarket* Courſe,
And ſcorn a leſs-extracted Horſe;
Yet mindful of the Spur or Rein,
When ſmoking o'er the Velvet Plain,
To ſlack at once, or mend his Pace,
As move his Rivals of the Race.
Inſtructed thus, if at his Heels
He ſees them preſs, new Life he feels,
And, fir'd with Emulation, flies
As Lightning ſwift, and wins the Prize,
While thouſand raviſh'd Tongues proclaim
With loud Huzzas the Conqueror's Name,
And He, who owns the Noble Beaſt,
Is greater than a King confeſt.

There are whom ſplendid Courts delight,
Where Pomp, and Rank, and Pow'r invite
Their preſſing Steps, and Numbers ſue
For Dignities obtain'd by Few;
Where Competitions and Diſputes
Oft terminate in vain Purſuits,
And where at beſt a load of Cares
The moſt ſucceſsful Suitor bears.

Retiring from a Scene of Strife
There are who chooſe a Rural Life,
And ſee their Barns with Grain abound,
While Flocks and Herds their Farms ſurround,
Nor would forſake paternal Fields
For all the Wealth that *Africk* yields,
Too fearful or too wiſe for Gain
To rule the State or plough the Main.

In Camps what Crowds their Fortunes try,
Alike diſpos'd to live or die,
Content, if they the War ſurvive,
On Glory and Half-pay to live;
And as they dine, or ſup, or walk,
Of Battles paſt or Sieges talk,
Of Feats they did on *Blenheim*'s Plain,
Where *Frenchmen* were by Thouſands ſlain,
And *Tallard*, by falſe Hopes betray'd,
To *Marlb'rough* was a Pris'ner made,
Whoſe Fate touch'd haughty *Louis* more
Than all his Thouſands ſlain before.

Others for Trade the Ocean ſweep,
And mock the Perils of the Deep;

But ſhould ſome ſudden Tempeſt riſe,
That lifts the Billows to the Skies,
And Shrowds and Tackling piecemeal tears,
While every Soul on Board deſpairs,
Oppreſs'd with Terrors they bewail
The hapleſs Hour they put to Sail,
And ſwear, if once they graſp the Shore,
They'll never truſt the Waters more.
Now wafted to the neareſt Creek,
A Settlement for Life they ſeek,
Yet ere a Week's elaps'd they change
Their fickle Minds, and prone to range,
Renounce their Vows in Danger made,
And valiant, now the Storm is laid,
Their tatter'd Bark with ſpeed repair,
Untaught rude Poverty to bear:
Again thro' Seas, and Rocks, and Sands
They ſteer in queſt of golden Lands.

Keen Hunters love the Fox to chaſe,
And to his lurking Cavern trace,
Then drive him from his laſt Reſort,
And teaze and murder him for Sport;
Unheeding if their Necks they risk
As over Bars and Gates they friſk,
Unmindful if it rain or ſnow,
Or whiſtling Winds in Winter blow,
And, as in Woods or Wilds they roam,
Forget their tender Wives at home.

Unmanner'd ſome in Slander deal
Thro' mad Impulſe of Party-Zeal,
Who publick Cenſure to eſcape
Uſurp the Patriot's borrow'd Shape;

To Virtue's ſpotleſs Garb lay claim,
And wear it but to hide their Game,
Which tends to ſhew that Wrong is Right,
And Senſe and Worth conſiſt in ſpight;
Who dare, by thirſt of Vengeance led,
The Steps they once exploded tread,
And all their Darts at *Perſons* ſhoot,
Provok'd that *Things* are found at Root;
Their Maxims, ſcarce to be conceiv'd,
And Tales, too groſs to be believ'd,
Without or Art or Shame diſplay,
In hopes the long-expected Day,
By Dreams foretold, will ſoon arrive
That ſhall to them *Dominion* give,
Unhinge our preſent happy Frame,
And ſtop the Current of thy Fame.

Me, train'd to foreign Toils and Cares,
And vers'd erewhile in State-Affairs,
Whom neither *Anne*, with Laurels crown'd,
Nor *George*, for peaceful Arts renown'd,
Unworthy of Regard ſurvey'd,
Thro' long Neglect now uſeleſs made,
Euterpe with the Love of Rhyme
Inſpires to fill the Gaps of Time.
Invok'd ſhe deigns my Harp to ſtring,
And tune my Voice thy Praiſe to ſing,
As oft as wrangling Senates end,
And calmer Days her Task befriend;
As oft as *Ceres*, wont to roam,
In *Britain* keeps her Harveſt-home,
As oft as *Bacchus*, God of Mirth,
In Vintage Seaſons viſits Earth,

As oft as never-ſated *Thames*
The purple Wines of *Tagus* claims,
And *Rhætia*'s ſandy Vales produce
The ſpicy Grape's *Nectarean* Juice;
Or *Auſtria*'s Court her Tribute ſends
Of rich *Tokay* to *Britiſh* Friends,
Still mindful that in *Anna*'s Reign,
The Rights of *Europe* to ſuſtain,
Their Arms the tott'ring Empire ſav'd,
When *Gaul* its Neighbours had enſlav'd;
As oft as burning Fevers ſpread,
When *Syrius* darts his baleful Head,
'Till *Virgo* ſhoots a milder Ray,
And drives the ſnarling *Dog* away,
That Health and Peace may bleſs the Morn
Thy Birth was deſtin'd to adorn.

If, WALPOLE, Thou, the Muſe's Friend,
By Chance or Grace my Verſe commend,
And, what my Hopes may well ſurpaſs,
Inſert me in the *Lyrick* Claſs;
Tho' now depreſs'd, my Head ſhall riſe
Sublime, and reach the ſpangled Skies.

THE SECOND

ODE

TO

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

IMITATED.

OF Hail, and Snow, and ſtormy Rain,
Offended *Jove* enough has ſent,
Whoſe red-hot Arm on Land and Main
Has Ships and Towr's to Shivers rent.

Amazement has the City ſeiz'd,
And all around pale Terrour flies,
Leſt Floods by new Supplies increas'd
Once more ſhould to a Deluge riſe.

Like that in *Pyrrha*'s noted Age,
When *Proteus* drove the ſcaly Race,
Diſmay'd at angry *Neptune*'s Rage,
To ſeek on Earth a ſafer Place.

Where Fiſhes ſwarming to the Shore,
On Tops of lofty Elms were found,
The wonted Seats of Doves before;
And Cattle ſwam on ſolid Ground.

With Torrents pouring down from Springs
Unknown, we ſaw the *Thames* invade
Our Temples, where the Tombs of Kings
Unſpar'd were under Water laid.

Then, *Iſis* roaring, we deſcry'd
Th' uxorious Stream with vengeful Ire,
Uniting Forces with his Bride,
Drown ſpacious Meads at her Deſire.

The Rage of Thoſe, who edg'd their Steel
Againſt Themſelves, our Youth grown thin
By others Faults, alas! ſhall feel,
And bear their guilty Fathers Sin.

Shall hear of Wars, that ſtain'd our Land,
Parental Wars, much better wag'd
Upon the next adjacent Strand,
Than madly thus at home engag'd.

So judg'd great *Edward*'s valiant Son,
Who *Gaul*'s fierce King at *Creſſy* took;
So *Henry* ſince, whoſe Victory won
At *Agincourt* her Empire ſhook.

So *William*, who at fam'd *Senef*
Repuls'd the ſame aſpiring Foes;
So *Marlb'rough* thought, Immortal Chief,
Whoſe Glory firſt from *Hochſtet* roſe.

What Hero now ſhall *Britain* call
To ſuccour her diſtracted State?
When People do themſelves inthral,
What Aid can they expect from Fate?

For Royal Blood, by Subjects ſhed,
What Invocations can atone?
What Law or Force, by Juſtice led,
Enough revenge th' invaded Throne?

What

What Hand is there ſo raſh to try
From deep Remembrance to eraſe
A Crime of ſuch a purple Dye,
Which Story will to Ages trace?

Flagitious Deed! abhorr'd by all
But Thoſe who did the Sentence ſign,
Yet Faults, that caus'd the Father's Fall,
Were they avoided by his Line?

Unhappy Sons! whoſe Fate was ſuch,
The ſad Example of their Sire
Avail'd too little or too much,
And made them ſlight or fan the Fire.

To clean th' *Augean* Stable who
But *Hercules* durſt underake?
The bold Deſigns Two Brothers drew
What Arm, but ſtrong *Naſſau*'s, could break?

He came, he flew to our Relief,
Our Liberties and Altars ſav'd,
When lawleſs Pow'r, the Nation's Grief,
Had almoſt Church and State enſlav'd.

Nor ſtopt our great Deliv'rer there,
But, *Britain*'s Welfare to inſure,
Adopted *Brunſwick* for his Heir,
That Law for ever might endure.

What boots it then for us to pray
To thund'ring *Jove*, or *Phœbus* bright,
Stern *Mars*, or *Erycina* gay,
Or *Mercury*, ſly God of Wit?

GEORGE, greater than fictitious *Jove*,
Protects us in each lawful Claim;
Like *Phœbus* in his Subjects Love
He ſhines, and equals *Mars* in Fame.

Or *Pallas*, wiſe as well as brave,
Pacifick, tho' renown'd in Fight;
Whoſe ſole Ambition is to ſave,
And Love of Arts her chief Delight.

But ſee where *Cynthia*, chaſte, and fair,
With Hounds and Horns her Sports to grace,
Aſſuming bright *Amelia*'s Air,
Conducts our Monarch to the Chace.

In *Amazonian* Habit dreſt,
Firm and Majeſtick on her Steed
She ſits, ſurpaſſing all the reſt
In Shape and Beauty, as in Speed.

Next *Cumbria*'s Duke in hunting Guiſe,
With Port erect, and manly Grace,
Impatience ſparkling in his Eyes
Springs forward, emulous of Praiſe.

Not young *Apollo* was more bright,
Nor with ſuch Eagerneſs purſu'd
The Nymph, who overmatch'd in Flight
At her own Suit was turn'd to Wood.

When now unharbour'd from the Shade,
Where late he dwelt in Peace profound,
The Stag betakes him to the Glade,
Alarm'd to hear the diſtant Sound.

Awhile he ponders how to ſhun
The Wiles of the ſagacious Brood,
Then ſcuds to where deep Waters run,
And plunges in the rapid Flood.

The Current paſt, again he darts
Unheeding where to fly from Death,
At every Buſh affrighted ſtarts,
And bounds and ſpeeds till out of breath.

Then ſtops, and urg'd by his Diſtreſs,
Againſt ſome Tree his Horns he whets,
And, tho' deſpairing of Succeſs,
His clam'rous Foes undaunted meets.

On ev'ry ſide his Antlers gore
The raſh but too perſifting Race,
And ſcorning Mercy to implore,
Reſolves at leaſt to die with grace.

'Till GEORGE, in pity of his Woes,
Commands ſo brave a Life to ſpare;
A Proof, that where ſuch Goodneſs grows
No ſingle Virtue harbours there.

O long mayſt Thou the Scepter ſway,
Indulgent KING, and rule in Peace
O'er Subjects willing to obey,
And ſee contending Parties ceaſe.

Ah, ſtop thy unavailing Grief
For HER, whoſe Loſs will Tears repair?
Can Time afford Thee no Relief,
Nor Reaſon mod'rate thy Deſpair?

Her matchleſs Virtues none denies,
Her lovely Form, capacious Mind,
Another Such beneath the Skies
No Glimpſe of Hope is left to find.

But muſt we not to Fate ſubmit?
The HAND, to Thee and us that gave
This Bleſſing, when it judges fit
Has Power to kill as well as ſave.

'Tis hard, but Patience makes more light
Woes, which to murmur at is Sin,
What Heav'n decrees is always right,
How deep ſoe'er it wounds within.

Beſide, upon Thy Precious Life
The Safety of Thy Realm depends,
Then ceaſe this agonizing Strife,
Which thy good Subjects Heart-ſtrings rends.

Be ſtill our Father and our Guide,
And while Thou hold'ſt a ſteady Rein,
No hoſtile Ships ſhall dare to ride
Unpuniſh'd on the Weſtern Main.

Or ſhould the *Spaniard* or the *Gaul*
On weak Pretexts their Treaties break,
Thy faithful *Britons* at Thy Call
Shall rouſe, and ample Vengeance take.

FINIS.